

# THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

An Independent Family Journal---Devoted to Politics, Literature, News, &c.

BY JAMES A. HOYT.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1866.

VOLUME II.—NO. 23.

The Anderson Weekly Intelligencer,  
BY JAMES A. HOYT.

TERMS:  
TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF PER ANNUM,  
IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square of twelve lines for the first insertion and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Liberal deductions made to those who advertise by the year.

For announcing a candidate, Five Dollars in advance.  
Obituaries exceeding five lines charged for at advertising rates.

## Literature for the South.

Not long ago many of our Northern publishers, who derived large profits from the sale of their publications in the South, were very careful what they printed about slavery. Even the great institutions which issue Sunday School books by millions, for all denominations, confined themselves mainly to stories about good boys who died young and went to heaven. The American Tract Society pounded away in its publications at other sins than that of slavery; and the Methodist denomination divided on this very subject into the Church North and the Church South, each with its own "book-concern," and each publishing what would be acceptable to its own section.

But while there was a general avoidance of treading on the toes of the South, a few publishers found it greatly to their profit, pecuniarily and as a means of popularity, to praise and pet the "peculiar institution." Prominent among these publishing "dough-faces" were the Harpers of this city. The early volumes of their magazine, with the avidity for state stories still manifest in the "Editor's Drawer" of that publication, gave nearly all the old plantation traditions and negro anecdotes and witticisms current since the days of the settlement of Jamestown. Then "Porter Crayon," in "Virginia Illustrated," pictured with pen and pencil, gay old "aunties" who were always cooking and eating, patriarchal plantation "uncles," with nothing to do but to sit in the sun and smoke their pipes, romping black children, whose happy smiles shone through their slavery, and stalwart "bucks," whose main business seemed to be negro-minstrelsy and jig-dancing. Altogether, these pictures were calculated to persuade philanthropists that slavery was a beneficent institution, which it would be well to extend over the half-starved, ragged and wretched negroes of the North.

All this is wonderfully changed now. Quite recently a gentleman from Alabama went to a publishing house in Philadelphia and asked if they could get together a Sunday-school library "unexceptionable in sentiment to the South," not works relating to slavery, the death and burial of which the South accepts, but books which do not abuse Southerners for their secession. The reply was: "We have no such books, nor would we publish them if they were offered," and an application to a denominational publishing society elicited a similar response. The rebellion furnishes cheap and readily convertible matter for the manufacturers even of Sunday-school books. The traditional bad boy who went sailing on Sunday and was drowned, or that other child-of-sin who played in the fields on Sunday and was struck by lightning, has given place to the wicked little rebel who followed his father to the field and learned to drink and swear. Besides this Sunday reading, secular works for juveniles are printed, which are intended to poison the minds of the whole rising generation at the North against the Southerners who are growing up with them. The flame of fanaticism is to be kept burning: for years to come, and the youths of one section are never to be suffered to forget that the people of another section are their and were their fathers' foes. Much of this infamous literature, whose evil intention prevents us from pronouncing it the trash it would be otherwise, is mainly manufactured in Massachusetts, though more or less of it issued in Philadelphia, Cincinnati and in this city, and it is deliberately designed to instill into young minds a life-long hatred of the South.

For older readers the vast mass of partisan war literature is doing, in its way, the same wicked work. A morbid appetite for sensational stories about the war developed a demand for that class of books, which led almost every lieutenant and staff officer who could write to suddenly discover that the pen was much mightier than the sword. We are glad to know that there is lately a large falling off in the sales of such works; but, for awhile, the Harpers and others doctored the market with volume after volume of exploits performed as well as narrated by the authors, making us wonder how, with such hosts of terrible fellows in the field, secession should have survived through a single year; or how, with such venom toward the South, every Southerner was not exterminated. The diminished demand for these modern editions of Munchausen is more than made up by the monthly and weekly publications of the Harpers, who seem to think that the war against the South has just commenced. "Porter Crayon," who gave us the "colored" photographs of slave-life in Virginia, and who was not nearly so persistent in his efforts to "put down the rebellion," as he was, a while ago, in attempting to obtain a lucrative foreign consularship, now makes *Harper's Magazine* the medium for a series of sketches, supposed to be connected with secession, in which he attacks his old

friends and neighbors with a vigor which, four years ago, might possibly have driven them out of the field. What is facetiously called *A Journal of Civilization*, even after the outbreak of the war, was so conducted as to retain, if possible, its Southern subscribers. Lee (with portrait) was a great General; Stonewall Jackson was a man whose Christian character was beyond reproach; and we remember an article in *Harper's Weekly* about the latter so eulogistic that it was widely quoted by the Southern papers in their obituaries of the General. Now the same journal, which disseminates a kind of "civilization" which would make the whole country Cossack, is filled with political caricatures, sometimes beastly and now and then blasphemous; it out-venoms the most Radical newspaper printed, and is mainly devoted to abuse of the President of the United States and vilification of the people of the South. The publishers found it profitable, at one time, to fawn upon the South; at present it pays better to caray filth for the Radical party.

We notice in our exchanges that the respectable journals of the South warn their readers against the publications of the Harpers, just as they advised them to stop taking the *Herald*, which urged them into secession and then betrayed them, and we have the best of reasons for believing that the advice is generally followed.

In recuperating from the effects of the war, the South is developing its own literary resources. Two or three new Southern magazines have been established and are doing well, and several professors of the University of Virginia have prepared and published a complete series of school-books. But New York will always supply the bulk of this, as of all other sorts of literature, to the people of all sections of the country, North, South, East and West; and whoever desires the prosperity and concord of all the people in the land may at least refrain from cooperating as a purchaser with publishers like the Harpers, to fan the dying embers of sectional hate, to pander to the lowest political passions, and corrupt the minds of growing youths with prejudices and principles that will breed misery and discord in the political relations of their manhood.—*New York World*.

## Wendell Phillips on Gen. Sherman.

In a late number of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, Wendell Phillips writes as follows of Sherman. Many of our people will be surprised at the positions and views ascribed to the great incendiary:

Long time a resident of the South, he has all the narrow prejudices and absurd opinions of that section. He hates New England for the ideas it represents. He has nothing but curses and contemptuous criticisms for Massachusetts; not, of course, the geographical State, but the principles, ideas and purpose which that name stirs in the minds of every man who hears it. We fear he has learned little from the war. Bigoted, half informed, intensely sectional, the moment armed resistance ceases he is just the man to serve the South in her efforts to regain by intrigue what she lost by arms. If he is our next President he will carry out to its fulfillment on a national scale, that disgraceful and whole-sale surrender to Johnson which only a Northern growl, that drowned even the thunders of Niagara, frightened him and his comrades from completing. After living for 20 years at the South in intimate relations with her leaders, after sweeping through her territory at the head of a victorious army, and taking the latest survey of her mood and resources, he proposed to treat the war as a frolic, and let both sections resume, substantially, the relations they held before the rebellion.

Gen. Sherman is too shrewd and capable a man to allow of our explaining this on any ground of credulity or misapprehension. Such an offer could have come only from a mind incurably Southern in its bias and opinions. If the hot fires of such civil war could not burn this folly and wickedness out of him, he is past cure. His clear, logical common sense taught him what honor and fair play demanded. While he had no relish for the plan of allowing negroes to fight, and flung his influence against it, he confessed that—to admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose was to give him a right to stay in it for all, and that when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot—still, no man has since heard one word from him in support of that rule of justice and fair play. His narrow, sectional hate has smothered his logic. His old, bitter aristocracy of the skin still clings to him. There is an old proverb that an Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate. A Northern-born slaveholder was always the worst tyrant. A Northern politician steeped in Southern hate, is the most incurable of all bigots, and most dangerous to trust with power.

TAKING HER AT HER WORD.—The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approbation of the lady's mother. Accordingly the doctor waited upon the matron, and stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, doctor, you're far ower good for ye." "Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair about it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after, Dr. Wightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

## Daring Railroad Robbery.

Another bold and daring sally has been made by the booted, spurred and belted ruffians who have so long infested the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. At about two o'clock yesterday morning the Nashville-bound passenger train was thrown from the track six miles north of Franklin, Kentucky, and a second-class passenger car burned to ashes, the stove having been upset in the rapid descent and heavy concussion. The locomotive was turned over three times, and the express car was thrown straight down the embankment, the end resting on the track, and the baggage car piled upon it.

The obstructions on the track were about three hundred yards apart, and were formed by bars of railroad iron projecting from the cross-ties toward the approaching engine. Fence rails were also piled up on the track. Obstructions were placed in the rear of the train after it had passed, so that there could be no escape for the doomed train, even if it should be backed up.

The engineer, Jas. L. Stewart, saw the danger when very close upon it, and gallantly stood to his post, reversing the engine, and so breaking the force of the concussion as to save the life of every passenger, though he did it at the risk of his own. He was badly bruised, and a number of others were more or less injured, but not a single life was lost.

The fireman jumped from the engine, escaping unhurt, and the hoofs of the robbers' horses almost touched him as he lay hidden when the troop passed him on their way from the scene of their depredations.

The sleeping coach and the ladies' car remained on the track, the sleepy passengers supposing they had arrived at another station when the sudden stoppage was made.

The conductor, Mr. Charles Rice, went forward to learn the cause, and did not long remain in ignorance. He was called upon to halt, and in a moment was surrounded by a dozen or more burly ruffians with blackened faces, armed to the teeth, and apparently upon some desperate errand. He managed to effect his escape, however, and was soon in Franklin, where he telegraphed the news of the terrible occurrence back to Louisville.

An individual whose curiosity was somewhat aroused, thrust his head out of the window, but hastily drew it in again, a bullet whizzing close to his attentive auricular.

Another man, who had stepped out upon the platform, was also compelled to retire to the music of whistling lead.

The ruffians, making a cicerone of the baggage-master, came to the doors of the sleeping-car, and with drawn pistols demanded the immediate surrender of every weapon in the car. Few of the passengers being armed, however, only one or two revolvers were given up.

Some of the passengers were still asleep, and one young man was seized and robbed just as he was climbing into his berth. Others had just been discussing the robbery of the pay train, which occurred a short time ago, on this same road, little dreaming of the similar fate that awaited them.

The robbers were very boisterous, though apparently unused to their business, and as much frightened as their victims. All but one, a tall, slim man, were disguised, their ugly, villainous looking faces being thoroughly blackened with charcoal or some like substance. They had on spurs, wore their pantaloons inside their boots, and looked fierce generally, with the intention, no doubt, of once striking terror to the hearts of their unfortunate, unarmed victims.

The precise number of the marauding party is not known. Only ten or twelve were seen.

The leader was a large man, weighing perhaps 200 pounds, a blood-red comforter girdling at his waist and dangling at his side. He rather kept aloof, however, and not much was seen of him.

The man who took the pocket-books was a little fellow, two of the robbers at his side enforcing his demands by placing the muzzles of their pistols at the heads of those who seemed at all disposed to withhold their currency and valuables.

Placing themselves at the door of the car, after they had taken up their collection, they made the unfortunate passengers file into the next coach, keeping them covered by deadly weapons, and taking care that none should jump from the platforms and escape.

They then went through the vacated car and picked up some articles of clothing, while searching for concealed money.

These proceedings lasted about fifteen minutes, and by this time the express car was in flames and rapidly crumbling into ashes, much to the chagrin of the sable bandits, who, in hastening up the embankment to secure the passengers, had neglected to look to the little iron safe and its treasure.

Going to the baggage car, they secured a number of valises, shouting, as they left the ill-starred passengers, that the first man who stepped out upon the platform for their temporary prison should die for his temerity.

They then disappeared in the woods, from whence they had come, the light from the blazing car revealing their dark forms as they fitted away to the shelter of the gloomy forest, now and then looking back upon the destruction they had wrought.

Up rolled the bright flames, throwing the rays of dancing light far down along the track, as if by inviting swift justice to the fleeing desperadoes, and welcoming the little band of determined men who were to hasten to the rescue as soon as the tidings should reach them.

The robbers having fled, the passengers succeeded in securing the remaining contents of the baggage car before it was consumed.

Many of the passengers saved considerable by stowing money and valuables in their boots and other places, the hurried search being by no means a thorough one.

The ladies were not molested, and only the occupants of the sleeping car were financially disturbed.

The loss of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad by the destruction of the engine and three cars is estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

Everything in the express car was burned. Only the ashes of the greenbacks in the safe were to be seen upon opening it. It is said that there had been deposited in it \$25,000.

Captain Brown tracked the robbers some three miles, and recovered most of the vouchers which had been taken, they having scattered them along the way.

The passengers made up a purse for Mr. Stewart, the engineer, to whose presence of mind they owed their lives.

The light of the burning cars was seen at Franklin, and created much wonderment. As soon as the news of the robbery became known, a special train which had been engaged by Mike Lipman for the transportation of his circus, was tendered by him for the use of the unfortunate passengers, and with a squad of armed men aboard it reached them about daylight.

A letter signed by, and expressing the thanks of the passengers, has been addressed to Mr. Lipman.

The train arrived here yesterday at noon, with the robbed travelers nearly all aboard.

The only object of the desperadoes who committed this flagrant outrage, seems to have been plunder, as no one was in any way injured by them.—*Nashville Banner*, 9th inst.

## Good Sense.

On the opening of the Georgia Legislature, the Speaker of the House, Mr. Hardeman, said:

Condition after condition has been prescribed as the terms upon which we should have restoration and union; but no sooner are the humiliating requirements complied with, than others more exacting are proffered, and thus we have been led, step by step, to the very throne of power, where we soon discover, written over the great door of the temple, *renounce your manhood and your honor*, and it shall be opened unto you.

For one, rather than enter upon such humiliating terms, I will sit, like Mordecai, at the King's gate, clothed in sackcloth, and mourn the fate of my people. I refer to our national troubles for the sole purpose of impressing upon them how little you may expect from the Federal Government in rebuilding the ruined fortunes of our down-trodden State.

Upon ourselves alone we must rely, and by wise, wholesome, economical and constitutional legislation, stimulate her sons to labor for her deliverance and her redemption. Our people are depressed and despondent. Heaven, as if to chasten them more, has withheld her showers and her smiles, and scant harvests barely reward the husbandman for his labor and his toil. Want and poverty is the lot of many, who have in vain scattered their seed, hoping in due season to reap the reward of their labors. From mountain and vale, from village and city, the cry of distress falls upon the ear, asking deliverance. I trust I will be pardoned the expression of a hope that the wisdom of this General Assembly will devise some mode of relief that will do justice to all, and that will stand the tests of constitution and of courts. Let us show our appreciation of their condition by curtailing the expenses of the Government and by practicing a rigid economy with the people's money.

Georgia needs but little legislation; let us enact it and adjourn. Experience has convinced me there is more danger of too much than too little legislation. Let us do little, and do that little well. Not being permitted to participate actively in your deliberations, pardon a suggestion, too, upon the duties of the session.—Guard well, with proper safeguards, these Trojan horses that yearly enter this hall—the many applicants for chartered privileges. Encourage, by wholesome provisions, manufacturing in our State—elevate to the dignity of their claims the mechanic arts. Rebuild your waste places, by encouraging immigrants to settle in your midst; bind him to the soil by the ties of homestead; welcome him, by repealing all laws on your statute book that deny him the privilege of owning the soil he would reclaim by his energy and industry. Encourage from every quarter, capital and labor, and Georgia, under these wholesome influences, will soon elevate her fallen credit—business will revive—commerce will no longer languish—our granaries will be filled with the products of our fields—our mines will enrich us with their hidden treasures, and people, revived and re-energized, will be made to feel "there is life in the old State yet."

ANTIQUITY.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his most ancient.

"Mine," said the disciple of Lyscurus, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law." "True," rejoined Esculapius, "but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a surgical operation!" The lawyer dropped his bag.

## The Possible Result.

The Richmond Times thinks that their late victories may make the radicals conservative. It says:

The vast majorities by which the radicals have swept the North, seating them securely in power, may render them so conscious of their strength, that all the wild outcry against the South, for the hanging of our leaders and the confiscation of our property, may possibly cease. We know that the great mass of the North hate us with an intensity that would startle the devils in hell, and that many a gentle woman in the land of wooden nutmegs and pumpkin pies, and many a white cravatted Puritan divine, minister of the Prince of Peace, would come trooping joyfully, as on a pleasure excursion, to witness the hanging of the illustrious ex-President of the Confederate States, or any of our distinguished chieftains. But politicians are generally more practical men. The radicals saw that the ground was slipping from beneath their feet, and the sceptre of power was about to be snatched from their grasp, and that to retain it they must, by every political falsehood, by every appeal to the Northern masses, lash their passions into a fury that would carry the elections for them; and they have done it successfully.

They promised the sweet maiden, on the banks of the Connecticut, that she should lap the blood of "traitors." They pledged the holy man of God that he might persecute the Southerners, and that they should be compelled to listen to his nasal preachings for hours at a time, till they were educated or converted—and they promised the rest a distribution of our goods and chattels, for it was right that the saints should enjoy the lands of the sinners. By such and similar appeals, the radicals, aided by any quantity of electioneering lies and Forney's and Greeley's sensation stories, have swept the North and got firmly seated once more in power. They have got what they wanted—office; and to enjoy it, they must have quiet.—They do not want revolution—that would spoil their plans, and possibly oust them from their fat places.

Having got what they chiefly desired, and for the attainment of which they have, for a year and a half, been making such ferocious and blood-thirsty speeches, it is quite probable they will drop that song, become quite conservative and compromise with the President. Getting into power, and being certain of their position, they are very apt to make both men and parties conservative. We shall see if it has that effect the next session of the United States Congress.

The New York World thinks that the radicals have already done their worst against the South. It says:

As regards the South, they have already gone to the length of their tether. After passing over the veto of the President, their civil rights bill, and their Freedmen's Bureau bill, they could proceed no farther except by proposing amendments to the constitution. But amendments being nullities till ratified by three-fourths of the States, the resistance of the South is more effective in respect to them, than the Presidential veto is in respect to ordinary laws. The veto can be overcome by two-thirds of both Houses, but the negative thirteen States (Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware make up the thirteen) on a proposed amendment, can in no way be overcome till the number of States reaches fifty-two—a larger number than we are likely to have.

The South, then, has nothing worse to fear, as a consequence of the late elections, than a protracted exclusion from Congress. Negro suffrage cannot be forced on them except by an amendment to the constitution, which they can checkmate. Now penalties for treason are equally impossible, by the prohibition to pass *ex post facto* laws. The old penalties have been remitted by the President's proclamation of amnesty and his individual pardons. The State governments which have been formed in the South cannot be upset, because Congress never comes in contact with them except in judging of their competency to furnish credentials to members of that body. Congress having already done its utmost against the South, that section has nothing to fear in consequence of the elections, beyond what it already suffers.

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE NEGRO.—The London Times in dilating on the subject of negro suffrage in the United States, says:

Why cannot the negro be declared a citizen and invested with all the rights of a man? The real answer is that he is not a citizen, and cannot be made a citizen by a proclamation or a law. We have unfortunately had a little experience of our own in this matter. We gave the Jamaica negro, in common with his white master, civil equality and the right of self-government, and see how it has ended.—All the negro's instincts and habits go in the other direction. He is careless, credulous and dependent; easily excited, easily duped, easily frightened; always the ready victim of the stronger will. He is material for the hands of anybody who wishes to make use of him. Invested with full political rights, the race must be a magazine of mischief. In Jamaica it appears that the negro would imbibe, at a day's notice, any absurd delusion as to the authority and wishes of the British queen, of the commissioners, or anybody else; but what they were always looking for was something to be given, or something to be done for them, or some law to make them all rich, happy land owners and tax free forever. Such men are not citizens, call them so as we will.

—The heaviest trouble under which many persons groan are borrowed.

## A Beautiful Extract.

It is a long time since we have read anything so beautiful in the English language as the following paragraphs. They are from an address, delivered before a convention of the press of Mississippi, by Col. Manion, editor of the *Vicksburg Times*. Of all the tributes to the South and her lost cause which have been published, we have seen nothing to exceed this in its touching sweetness:

"Southern nationality is a dream of the past. A gulf, beyond which we could not pass, yawned between us and the realization of our hopes; and though bright flowers bloomed upon its brink, and wafted us sweet perfume, we could not cross to gather them.

"The Southern cross no longer gleams out amid the wild light of battle; the sword of the vanquished is sheathed, and the land is gloomy with the harmless sepulchres of our martyred dead. But when years upon years shall have passed away—when the last of the present generation sleep with their fathers, and new forms through the old familiar places—when faction shall have hushed and justice hold the scales—then, as bright as day and as free from blemish and stain, will stand forth in bright relief upon the scroll of historic fame, the record of the South, dearer to the hearts of her children now in the hour of sorrow, than when, on the march to victory, she won the admiration of the world. Pilgrims from other lands shall tread, with reverent step, above the spot where moulders the dust of our loved and lost; while those who are to follow us will cherish as household gods the names of those who, carving a way through the fiery path of war, have written their names where they can never die. The principle for which so many laid down their lives may not be recognized until their names have grown feeble on the tongue of friendship, and been dropped, like dead silence, from the ear of the world. But it will struggle back from the hollow bosom that once bled for it, and ascend the heights of Government.—And when the faithful historian shall descend into the vaults of the dead past, in quest of traditions of liberty, he will then discover to whom the world is indebted for their perpetuation."

GOOD JOKE ON GEN. LONGSTREET.—The "Ball of the Woods," as his boys were wont to call him, would shake his sides right vigorously if the following should meet his eye. It is a splendid sample of the way in which the radicals invest their candidates with war honors. In this instance, however, the candidate himself ventilates his own fame. While the present Governor of Pennsylvania was stamping the State, he was in the habit of telling the following story. It is decidedly the richest thing on record. Gen. Geary would say:

"Stonewall Jackson, while lying upon his improvised cot, suffering from wounds of which he was conscious he must die, sent for Gen. Longstreet to come to him at once, as he had something special to say to him. The General shortly appeared. The dying hero, almost in the agonies of death, raised himself upon his elbow, and with a voice of deathly earnestness, thus addressed the South Carolina General: "General Longstreet, did you observe that tall, imposing form to-day, seated on a black horse in the thickest of the fight, as we did battle?" Quoth General Longstreet, "I did, indeed, my dear General." "That man, so valiant, was General Geary!" exclaimed Stonewall. "Mark me, beware of him! avoid him! beware of his troops! Meet him not when you can shun him, for he is irresistible!" Longstreet arose to depart, but as he reached the door, Stonewall called to him again, "Longstreet, beware of Geary!" and fell back dead upon his couch! With this dying injunction to his comrade, the hero of the Shenandoah expired."

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.—This veteran editor, having recovered from his recent severe illness, thus touchingly alludes to the matter. We clip from his paper, the *Louisville Journal*:

Our heart-felt thanks are due to very many of our brethren of the press for their very kind notices of us during our late illness. Their sympathy soothed and cheered and strengthened us. It seemed to throw a calm and lovely light upon the world and make us wish to linger still among our fellow-men. There is much that is beautiful and holy and hallowing in sickness. Its influences are purer and better than those of health.—Indeed the feebleness of the body is often the health of the soul. We see and hear what we may not in the season of our physical strength. Myriad spirits of the air flatter over the dividing line between two worlds, uttering to mortal beings the tones they have learned in heaven. As we move downward upon the sombre and mysterious pathway that leads to the door of the tomb, we behold, as from the depths of a shadowy well or cavern, the pale serenities of floating stars, all invisible in the glare and sunshine of the upper air, and their sacred and blessed light need never fade from the spirit.

MOSBY AT THE GRAVE OF ASHBY.—The *Winchester News*, in its account of the dedication of the Stonewall Cemetery, says:

Colonel John S. Mosby, the terror of the Yankees, was present and acted as a marshal. He looks remarkably well, and from every indication it would appear he has many more campaigns in him yet.

We were much struck by a negro servant of General Ashby's family at the grave. He wept profusely as the remains of his former master were being lowered in the earth.